
judas inferno
dominic lyne



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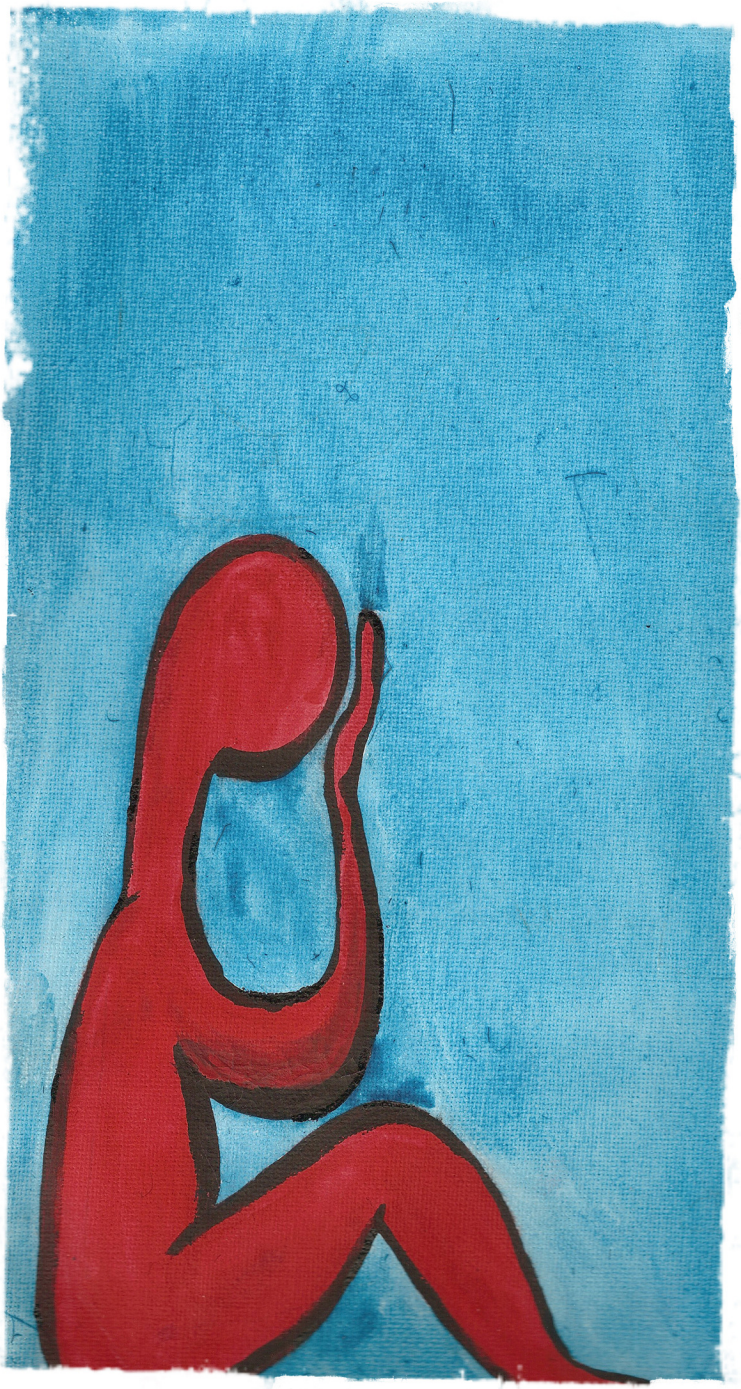
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Alone
watercolour on canvas
2006



CHAPTER ONE

Save Me

When you're locked in a room, alone, that's when you realise. The silence, the hollowness. Sounds of the unfulfilled future whispering through the window like the echoes of a thousand broken dreams. Fantasies lost to the monotony of a never changing machine. He was starting to realise all this as he laid flat on his back against the hardness of the floor. His mind screaming, his body tired, his existence empty.

With his eyes closed he sees nothing. A sea of inky black swirling like oil against his eyelids. No dream visions, no happy flashbacks, no thoughts to even make a change. Only darkness, the cold darkness engulfing everything. With anger it came, hollowness all it left. One soul trapped in an infinite prison. How had it come to this?

His mind searches for an answer, reliving the past, sat in the darkness watching memories like broadcasts on a dying, flickering television set. He tries to smile, to force himself to be happy but nothing comes. Slowly dying inside he feels nothing. A cold grin crosses his face at that thought. *Don't pray for my soul, it's already dead.* This moment had been a long time coming, gradually creeping in from the corners. He only noticed once it was too late, the shadowy pillars rising too high, blocking out the sun. Everyone has been lied to, happy endings are only fiction, reality is nothing more than a path of pain and disappointment. The highway to nothing.

Alone.

Abandoned.

Lost.

A noise breaks the silence. His phone, a message. No one ever speaks, always digitised conversations, the comfort of the human voice replaced with short text phrases. He jumps to his feet and grabs it. Someone wants to share a moment with him. He even feels happy.

Hey baby, just wanted to say I'm having a great time.

He throws the phone away. Anger, rage.

Yeah, a great time without *me.* He wants to scream, his other half is out partying and didn't even bother to invite him, didn't once put him first, a simple lack of invitation just because of some history. *Bastard, fucking bastard.* The tears come and he crumbles to the floor again.

Why? Why all this pain? All this suffering and loneliness. What had he done to deserve this? 'Why?' he croaks. 'Why?' His hand slams against the side of his head. 'Why? Why? Why?'

He's rocking, huddled up and rocking. Hugging himself tightly. Comfort from the caress of hands, even if they are his own. Should he scream? Pray? Run and hide? Running, all his life he's felt like he's been running. Running from something, the unknown, the darkness, maybe even reality. Running. It's all a matter of hope. You could be running to your future or from your past, to fulfilment or the fall. Hopes are so pitifully changeable against the path of destiny and fate. Say a little prayer and hope that somebody's listening.

Why can't he be happy? Everyone else is happy so surely some should come his way. He wipes his face, why can't he be happy with what he has? Always seeking to find faults and negatives. *Do I seriously believe that I don't deserve to be happy? Always wanting something I can never have.* His hand hits his head again, the



pain shows him he's alive.

How stupid it is to just sit alone in the room, locked away with only his thoughts as company, but what else is there for him? Who else is there for him? Who would understand, or even actually care? Everyone has their own issues, dramas, why would they want his inflicted upon them? So sit here he does. Endlessly waiting, morbidly thinking. Waiting slowly for the end.

He hates himself, that much is evident, a self hatred that engulfs everything. A happy moment soiled by a sideways glance at a mirror. It really is that deep. Soul deep, a cancer which has finally been detected. Tears flowing so easily, out of nowhere they pour, running down his cheeks like rivers of regret. There is no future in wishful dreaming. *How pathetic,* he thinks, *placing all hopes on a god who let all this shit happen. Fuck it, Virgin Mother help me. Show me a direction. Show me a way.* Deep down he knows the answer.

The clock changes its display and he looks. Midnight. The dawn of a new day, how quickly time flies when the mind wanders. When lost in thought do the tears run dry? Midnight. Sleep, let the body rest as the brain dreams.

He pulls himself onto his bed fully clothed



and hugs the pillow. Pulling it deep into him, wishing it was his partner, longing to feel the warmth of a human body next to him, alone the fabric of the pillow will do. It's not enough, but then again nothing ever is.

With eyes closed he wishes for nothing as his soul dreams for something, anything is better than how he feels at the moment. The mind blank, visions of shadows in the darkness. Shapes moving, smoky faces glancing in and observing. Cold eyes watching, waiting. Stay out of the shadows, stay out of the dark, but what do you do when it's closing in around you? Pray? Pray to the God of Lies? Scream and plead like a torture victim, a hostage, a prisoner to the world He created.

His dreams mirror reality. He stands alone in a vast empty space. Stood with nothing, naked as the moment he was born. His whole being exposed to all and he doesn't care. No one's watching anyway. He sits down, a hand to his head. He can't help but laugh, it echoes dryly in the silence. Even here, even in his dreams. Always and ever searching to find the truth behind this life. Maybe there is no truth, no reason, no logic. No justification for all of this shit. We just live, suffer then die. A pointless quest to prove our self worth, to make our existence meaningful when we might as well have been aborted at birth.

His mind wanders. *Some people get everything, happiness, success, everything they could possibly want, and then you get people like me, constantly let down, losing everything they value day by day. Looking like wasted Gollums on a quest to find that one thing that they believe will make them truly happy, only to find out too late*



that it is as deceitful as everything else in this world.

He closes his eyes against the void. *Somebody help me, somebody save me. I'm losing and there's no one to help. I'm losing to this deadly game.*

He spins his body round sharply on his bed, slamming down angrily against the mattress. He can't take this anymore, can't face the oncoming traffic of his life, tired of hurtling down it at top speed whilst trying to avoid all the obstacles. In his dream his mind tries to focus, to change the scene, to take its personal television out of

standby. Nothing works. Static burst and then black. Infinity casting its shadow across eternity. Nothing, absolutely fucking nothing.

A light, a small pathetic ball of light twinkling in the distance like a lost star. A small glimmer of hope, the tunnel of light calling you, the entrance to heaven, salvation, paradise. Should he try to run at it, sprint into the distance, into the unknown for a taste of redemption. Surely that would be better than waking up each day with regrets.

He walks, footsteps echoing. *There must be walls,* he thinks. *Eternity has no reverb.* Locked in a building, a warehouse of blackness.

If he'd done everything different, relived and changed his past, would it make anything better? Or would be just be in exactly the same position, only with different problems? The past is set in stone, unchangeable. So much time wasted on wishes of a different one. Leave it and move on, deal with it. But what if you despise the person you've become? How do you change that?

Falling, his despair pulling him down deeper into its pit as his dream feet force him towards the light; the pin prick growing larger. The more he falls, the more he hates himself with every passing breath. The light is salvation, well could be, nothing is certain in his mind anymore. He only

dreams in the darkness, to live without dreams is to live without future. Only the dead have no future to call their own. Pray death when the time comes, maybe this is that moment.

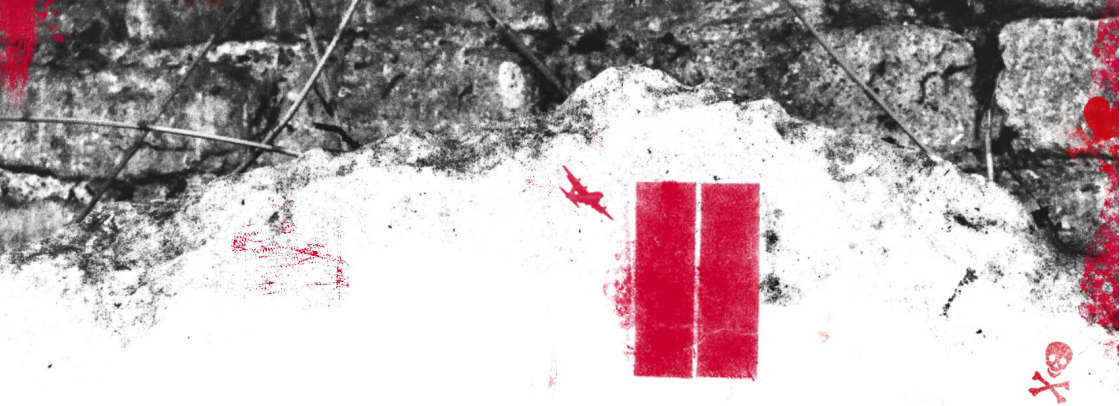
'Somebody save me,' he screams into the void. 'Somebody help me. I don't want to be alone.'

The light grows brighter, pushing away the shadows. *Save me,* he thinks as the light hits his face and the tears roll down his cheeks. *Save me from myself.*





Soul Bleed
watercolour on canvas
2007



CHAPTER TWO

The Sound of Silence

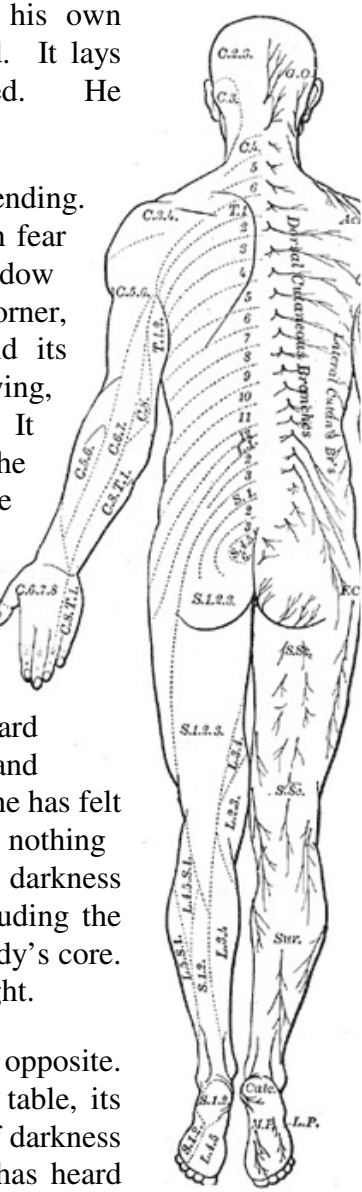
The light burns his eyes. The pain, there's always pain, if anything it is the only thing that keeps us feeling alive. His eyes squint, blink, squeeze tight to adjust. Vision blurs then focuses. He sees everything.

He's sat on a chair, in front of him a table, circular, a stark contrast to the squares of the chessboard at its centre. Both he, the table and the empty chair opposite are the only furniture in the room. A room of gleaming white, lit only by the solitary naked bulb hanging above him. *So much light from such a small thing,* he thinks.

He tries to rise from his chair but he can't. Paralysed from the waist down and chained by invisible restraints. He tries again to move but his brain cannot even will his legs to move in the

slightest. Trapped, alone, lost inside his own dreams. His eyes study the chessboard. It lays mid-game, incomplete and unfinished. He wonders who's turn it is.

The light dims. The darkness descending. He looks up from the table, an unknown fear in his eyes. He sees it, the tall shadow moving towards him from the room's corner, the tendrils of smoke thrashing around its base, rising and falling, ebbing and flowing, casting long shadows around a shadow. It moves in silence. Gaining distance to the table to the soundtrack of the dead. He watches it approach, he knows who it is, what it is. It's been a part of his life for some years, if not all of them. Watching from the shadows, standing patiently in corners, waiting for an ill moment, a moment it could step forward and place its hand upon his shoulder and make its presence known. Oh, and how he has felt its kiss. The loss of everything and nothing pressed into his mind so lovingly. The darkness pumping its way through his veins, clouding the heart and making an enemy out of his body's core. They say love kills, he guesses they're right.



The shadow sits in the vacant chair opposite. Featureless, casting shadows across the table, its tendrils encircling the set up. A circle of darkness in the light of hope. Silence. All he has heard

since this dream began is the sound of nothing, the sound of silence. Sat at a table with his tormenter, his stalker, his own personal Death. His eyes look at the chessboard. As he watches, one of the pieces begins to move from its position at the centre, it crosses the squares then walks off the board into nothing. He feels a sorrow inside at its departure, a twinge of memory. Eyes upon his pieces he understands that each one represents choices, lives. Each move creating infinite options, new pieces, new hopes or fears.

'You're waiting for something,' the shadow's voice whispers across the table.

He doesn't move his eyes up, still scanning the table in front of him. 'I'm waiting for your next move.' All the pieces are the same figures. Different sides, different possibilities played with different hands.

'No.' The shadow's whisper is thoughtful. 'No, you wait for someone, for something. Something which is out of your control, a piece moved by a different set of players. Who or what could be so important as to govern your thoughts this way?' It pauses and passes its hand in the air above



him. He feels its coldness entering into his mind. 'You're lost. I can see it now. So much of your soul poured into this one person, so much of you stored within another. A lost connection and your soul refuses to heal. No, it doesn't refuse, *you* refuse it. Your heart is screaming out in pain for its other half, the half you refuse it to find in another, in itself. You wait and you wait. You make a move across the board and it draws you closer. Close enough to touch, close enough to kiss. Then the piece is moved off your board again.' A pause, then the shadow sighs. A contented sigh. 'Oh, how painfully delicious. How satisfying it is for me. This hurt, this soul-bleed all pouring into me, giving me strength, giving me the power to show you the way into the darkness. Are you so blind as to not notice that you called me forward tonight?'

'Blind or chose? Is it so hard to believe that I chose to be here? That I want to embrace you as you so desire, to feel your touch against my body. I'm here because I want to be.'

A cold laugh. 'Why torture yourself with these lies. You don't *want* to be anywhere, let alone here. Your despair brought you here, your self pity and fears guided you. I've been waiting years to consume you but even now as I sit so close I know now is not the time. You are not destined to feel my love just yet.' It laughs gleefully. 'So much anger in you. So much rage

and yet no one is listening. No one but me that is. So tell me, what is this piece you so desire?'

'What does it matter? If you know so much why don't you tell me?' He feels his anger growing within him. 'And if I am not meant to be here at this moment then why am I still here?' He struggles to get up from his chair but the invisible bonds refuse to loosen their grip. Struggle, struggle, struggle, give in, surrender.

The shadow watches for a moment before speaking. 'I know who it is, I know what you desire, your depressions have told me. But whether or not I know already is irrelevant, you need to know for yourself, you need to admit to your soul that you desire at its expense. No one can do that for you. You can't run all your life, and you certainly can't run from your destiny. Believe me when I say that for once I have come here as your friend, not your enemy.'

'So what do I do? How do I play this piece I 'desire'?'

'You don't play it. You can't. As much as you wish you could, you have never played it nor will you ever. It is another person's piece. Your meetings are mutual and both feel this soul-bleed because as much as you poured into him, he poured back into you from himself. You both hurt, you both desire, but not every meeting is to

be forever, it's reassurance, to know you both feel the same deep down above any words spoken. Some things never die, yet others are destined not to be.



'So, what are you to do? I can see that's what you are thinking. Such fear in your eyes. You're scared to trust again, scared to love another so you just hold on to a memory. All you have been through and seen since you parted ways feels so insignificant because of this desire. Others have tried to love you and you let them, but you never gave them the full capacity of your heart and you still don't. You have chosen a path of pain as the route to your destiny. This can still be changed if you want, if you choose, or you can stay where you are. Either way this game of two pieces will run in its direction, you cannot force what fate controls. The combined fate of these two pieces will wait until the ends of the Earth.'

'But the Earth has no ends. It runs in circles.'

'Then you will wait for eternity. What's meant to be will be. Don't lose sight of the bigger quests in your life, don't spend all your time following a sub-plot. You have a destiny to fulfil, so don't sit in wait. Remember, whether that

piece is waiting for you is a different matter. This is something you will never know.'

'So what's the point?'

'The point is that there is no point, and some things in your life are out of your control. However a love that was true can never be destroyed. It is remembered. But love can turn to fear, and fear blocks many paths to salvation. People come and go, but some will stay with you forever. It is actually your turn to move.'

He looks confused and raises his arm over a piece. 'If I make a move on fear where will it take me? Will it end my destiny?'

'It won't end it, it will just detour you from it. Happiness lays at your destiny, do you want to be happy? You are destined to make change, that is all I can say.'

He snorts with disgust. 'Why bother making change? There's so much hate, anger and disgust in the world, so much destruction and death, why bother with it? Can one person really make a difference? Can one person change the world?'

'Speak to me from your heart. Bleed into this silence that won't judge you. Find your *true* desire, not what *you* think it is.'

‘I want to change the world.’ He feels a small glow within him. ‘I want to have a say, speak out at the top of my lungs. Who listens to me? I want to make them listen. But I don’t know if I have the energy to keep going.’ His glow deepens, pushing back the shadows. ‘I *need* to find the energy to keep going through all this shit and rejection. Why mend what’s only going to be broken again? No reason, you just do.

‘I have to push on.’ Brighter. ‘Have to endure this shit.’ Brighter. ‘I don’t know why, maybe there is no point to it but I know I have to keep pushing forward. It’s all I have.’

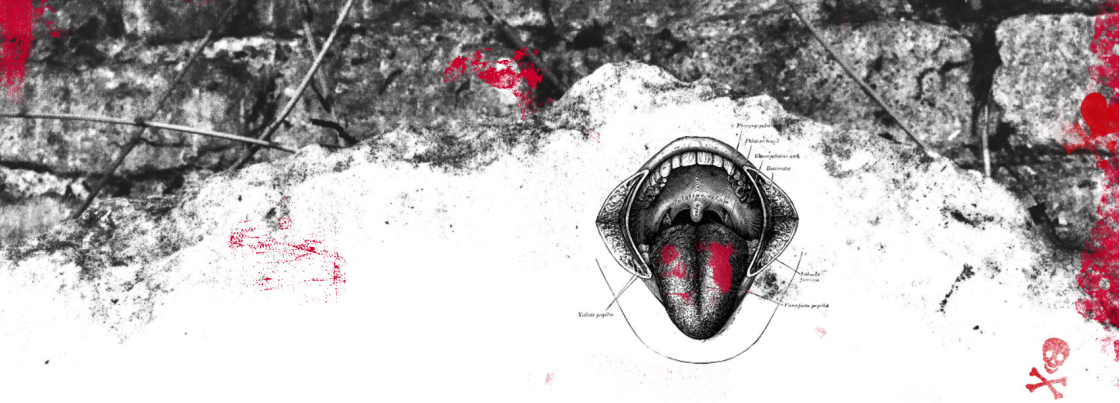
He rises to his feet. The bonds gone and the darkness reduced to the corners. He shouts, ‘Remember your dreams. Follow them, make them real. Prove them all wrong.’

He looks around. He’s alone in the white room, the table and chair gone, the chessboard now in his mind awaiting his next move. *But even when I fulfil my dreams,* he thinks, *will I ever be truly happy? Can I ever feel whole again?*

He crumbles to his knees. Doubt. ‘God please,’ he whispers. ‘God please fucking help me.’



Heart
watercolour on canvas
2006



CHAPTER THREE

End of Everything

He awakes in his own bed, sweating and thick headed. *How pathetic,* he thinks, *to wake up and want to cry.* His pain is immense. For one moment in his dreams he'd battled, knew what he had to do, then the doubt set in, a cloud blocking out the sun. He'd instantly prayed for the help of God. Not a god, *the* god. The god with the capital G. So much hope placed on a collection of stories, so many people attempting to be like God rather than looking within themselves and striving to be *a* god. That's all very well to say, but what if you look within and find nothing? What then?

He buries his head in his pillow, it wipes his face clean of marks and hides it from the world. Lay with your head in the sand and hope for the best. Prepare to face another day and to pretend everything is okay to all those around you. A

smile can hide even the most deepest lie. Everything moves forward and you just have to constantly ride that tide.

The reason he fears, he hides, is that he knows there is something in his life which is wrong, not right, pulling him down and holding him there. Deep at his core he knows what it is and that hurts more than not knowing. It is why his head is in the sand. He only has two things which hold any significance in his life, one is something which to him is so pure, so important that he knows within it lays his purpose; the other, well that is what he fears losing as without it he is alone, but that is what he knows keeps him from his destiny. One is an ideal, a belief; the other a person, a living physical being. Choices don't come much harder than that.

He moans into the pillow. Why should he have to choose? Why can't they coexist together? He wishes they could, he knows they can't. One simply isn't important enough to him no matter how hard he tries to make it. *It,* is he really that unimportant that he refers to him as *it*? That choice of word makes him feel even worse. Is he really that shallow, or is he just being honest? Why must we choose between our hopes and our companions? *That's the point,* he thinks, *if they were the right ones there would be no need to choose.*

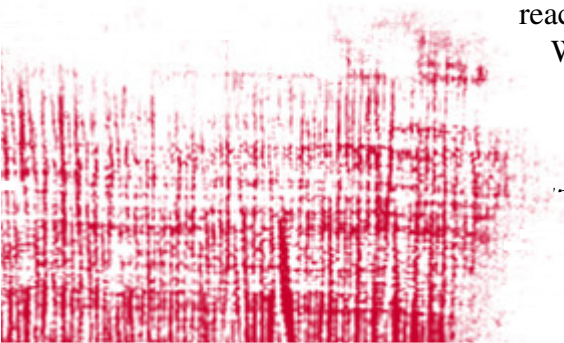
He pulls himself off his bed and walks across his room, daylight pouring through the window. He catches a glimpse of his naked form in the mirror but chooses not to look. He can't remember getting undressed. He picks up his phone, no messages or missed calls, he hadn't expected there to be any, it was just a routine motion to make it clear in his head that no one cares. His phone never rings, no one ever calls, he doesn't know why he needs it. He goes to call his partner. He stops, it's too early, why bother waking him when he'll be too hung-over to care.

Naked he sits back on his bed. What should he do? Go out, walk, try and clear his head in the open. No, he doesn't feel like doing that. No energy to deal with the world, besides he'd still have to return to this solitude, this place where he is alone with nothing. When you have nothing that's when you think and that is something he doesn't want to do because he knows it will lead him back to this choice. The ultimate choice in his life. His purpose or his comfort? The ideal or the life? How could *he* choose? In his dream it had been forced out of him, he had to tell what he desired most. In truth it hadn't been forced out of him, he'd told it freely. So what is holding him from his dream? What part is eating away at his confidence? The other half. The partner. The boyfriend. *Shit,* he thinks, *can't I just be happy with what I have?*

He knows what his problem is. He's scared. Scared of what he could become, scared of hurting another, scared of hurting himself. All he wants at this moment is no cares and certainly no fears. Lost inside himself he needs someone to offer him comfort, to offer him security. He has that person, or he wants to believe he does. That person who would just be with him, lay with him, hold him and just let the world pass them by in silence. Someone who would put him above all others. It's what he craves but deep inside he knows he's holding on to a lie.

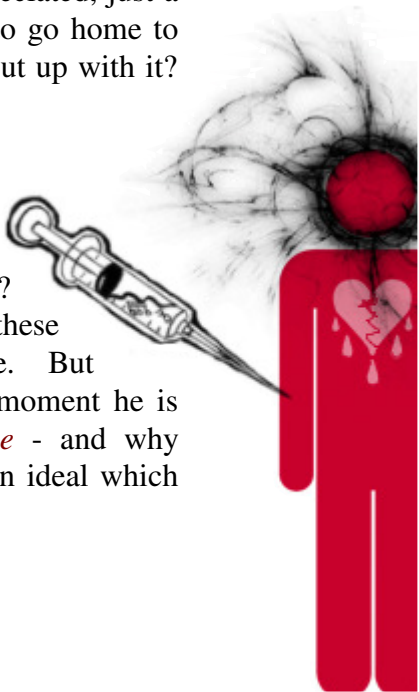
He grabs his phone and dials the number. It rings through to voicemail. *There's a fucking surprise. Bastard.*

No escape. No one to turn to. People only bother with him when they want something from him. *Some friends.* He snorts in disgusted laughter. *No one cares unless they want something.* Maybe he deserves that, deserves to have the most uncaring friends he's ever had. What does it matter in the long run? *It matters a fucking lot.* What has he got other than rotting away unseen and uncared about? Who fucking deserves that? He's not a bad person. They'll be the ones regretting discarding him when he reaches his goal, his aim. When he's on the lips of thousands then they'll come running. Then



it'll be his chance to ignore them. At least he's thinking about the future, about his purpose. It would be a vision of hope if he didn't have the 'choice' tagged to it like cancer. The day's young, he guesses that gives him some time to sit and think things through.

So what makes his other half mean so much to him? Do they have some special connection? An un-breaking bond? In truth no. They sit in silence most of the time for the simple fact they have nothing major in common, they argue too easily and he is always the one made to feel like shit when the other simply doesn't care, is too selfish to care. Why does he put up with it? Why stay with someone who feeds your insecurities? Comfort and security, the need to feel wanted, the warmth of relationship. When he thinks he realises that he hasn't truly felt appreciated, just a trophy hung on the wall, someone to go home to but never show off. Why does he put up with it? Love? *Fear.*



Now he's being harsh, his morbid mindset isolating the negatives, there must be positives, why else would he care so much? Honesty laid in his initial thoughts, these are just justification to his attitude. But there is always a flipside. At the moment he is happy in being someone else - *lie* - and why should he place all his hopes into an ideal which

could be nothing but a stone messiah, an empty dream which will leave him with nothing but a wasted life. Could he torment his soul that badly for no gain? He loved his partner once, he is sure of that, and he could do so again, *right?* He could convince himself to love another for there's nothing else for him. *What am I thinking?* He slams his hand against his head. *I love him, I wouldn't say it otherwise.*

Are you sure? his mind asks.

I don't know. That answers everything, there is a 'no' in that answer. Why force something that may no longer be there? He loved him once but that's either dying or is already buried in the past.

The decision needs to be made. If it is left too long everything may crumble and he will have nothing. Does he really have someone who values what he does? If he needs to ask that question then the answer is no. The choice is so simple yet so difficult. Ideal or person? Purpose or comfort? Either way each path chosen will be the end of something. Something will die and be lost forever. This decision will have no turning back. Hearts will be broken either way. The tears are coming, it's too much for him to bear. This is a decision he's too weak at the moment to make, his confidence and hope at an all time low. *Sweet fucking Jesus help me for once.* Like that'll ever

happen, nothing ever goes his way. He needs someone to remind him of who he is. He needs to find his place somewhere.

He falls onto his side and curls up. He knows he should get dressed at some point but he simply can't be bothered.

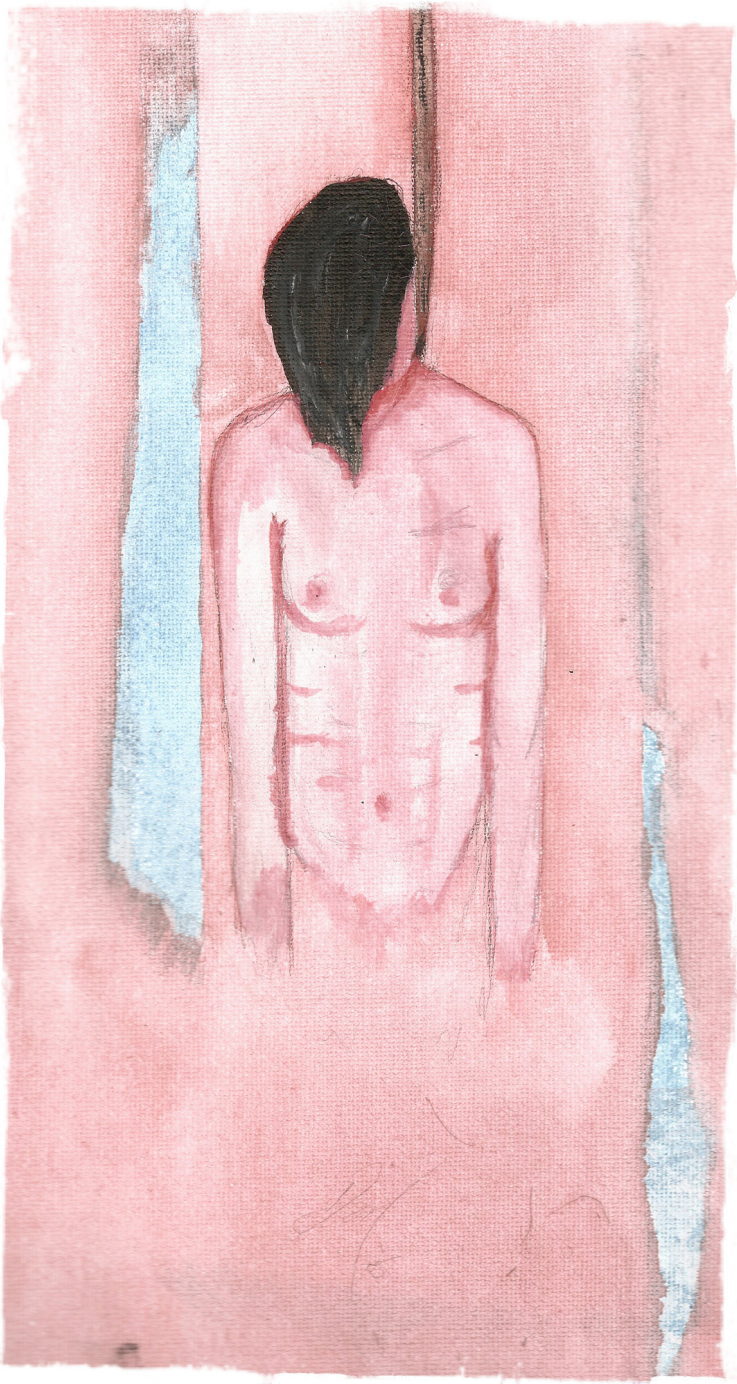
His eyes open, the light outside is fading. He must have fallen into a blessed dreamless sleep. The day was wasted but that doesn't concern him, it would have been wasted anyway, at least he feels a little refreshed, a bit clear headed. He sits up and pulls on some jeans over his bare lower half. As he stands with his dick in his hand over the toilet he hears his phone chime a new message's arrival. He finishes and returns to his room.

Sorry, I was out all day and forgot my phone. You can call if you want.

What's stopping you calling me? he thinks as he dials the number through regardless. It's answered and in the moment he hears the voice of the one he 'loves' he knows he can't do it. Can't break his heart over an ideal, and he can't give up on what he sees as his purpose either. He can't make the choice, it's too hard. Maybe both could coexist but he knows the answer to that already. He's trapped in the grasp of his other half, grown

too used to feeling needed. He knows he'll always try and sort things out with him, knows he'll chase him just to avoid rejection, and he knows secretly that his other half knows this and will use it against him. *How pathetic, chasing for something which is so bad for you.*

The conversation ends and he can't even remember what was said or communicated. *Knowing us it was nothing of significance.* As he places the phone down he smiles. A warm smile. He's realised there is a third option. There's always a third option. Calmly he finally gets dressed. Two roads lead to the end of something, one leads to the end of everything.



Hung
watercolour on canvas
2006



CHAPTER FOUR

Lost

He sits staring at them, just sat on his bed next to him, it all looks so simple. If one pill makes you larger and one pill makes you small, then this pile of pills in front of him will be the pills that end it all. The escape hatch, the exit. So this is what it comes down to, this is where his path has come, the only decision he feels he can take. What else is there left to say?

It's all worked out in his head. It all seems too easy. He doesn't care about what people may say. If anyone was listening to him would they actually understand? Could they understand? Would they want to or just blame him for their forthcoming pain? Even with death people can be so selfish.

He's so calm, this is the first time he can

remember having absolutely no fears, it's like a weight lifted off his shoulders. He's tired, soul cold and empty. Tired of screaming into the darkness and hoping for a reply. His mind clear he cries one final time, lets the tears flow from him like a river, clearing him of pain, disgust and anger. His lips move in silent prayer, one final whisper to the god he's wasted so many words on. *You never showed me compassion, you never offered salvation, if there's one thing you ever did for me, it was to guide me to this redemption.*

He scoops up the pills and puts them into his pocket, he leaves his room. In the kitchen he opens a cupboard and takes out a bottle of vodka. He has everything he needs. He leaves, as he closes the front door he hears his phone chime with a new message. He doesn't care.

His feet guide him towards the graveyard. A perfect place to end it all. Silent, peaceful. The dead can help guide him into their world. An abandoned soul released on consecrated ground. He smiles, he likes the beauty in that. There's always a beauty in death.

At his destination he finds a place and sits down. With his back against a tree at the heart of the graveyard he looks at the moss covered stone slab in front of him. He wonders what his will read. He takes another swig from the bottle he'd already started drinking on his way. One last time



to think. One last moment to contemplate. His mind wandering within its own wilderness. *What the fuck is there for me anymore but pain and this hollowness? Just going through the motions of living until the day nature decides I die. Why should my life be in anyone's hands but my own?*

He's lost. Lost his direction, lost his way. His mind can see no future, *wants* no future here on this Earth. He has dreams but none had been powerful enough to let him make that choice. Something had to end, rather than break the heart of the one he cares for through rejection, he has decided to be the something that dies. The end of every single dream, hope and love he has ever felt or known. It's time for him to embrace the shadows and be reborn as someone else. Inside he is dying, losing. He feels the pills in his pocket weighing his mortal body down like an anchor. He prays that salvation will come through taking them. He swigs from the bottle. The first two are swallowed.

Will they all forgive him when his candle fades? Will they understand? Could they? All he

wants is freedom from all this pain, he wants peace, a mind freed from insecurities and self loathing. All he had ever asked for was a simple answer, an acknowledgment that he had a reason to be here, that he was valued, not just humoured. All he wanted was to have found his place in the world. He swallows another pill.

All he hears in his head is screaming. Voices upon voices screaming at him, putting him down, killing him. Rotting all his confidence and pride to nothing, causing him to self destruct. Too many demons clawing at his back, too many painful memories. Too much anger and deceit. Can he blamed for wanting to end all that? He gulps the vodka, no pill this time.

All he wants is to be someone else, someone different. Someone new. To be born again with new hopes, new situations, no memories to hold him back. When he looks at himself he sees a sickness, bitter thoughts and remembered words clinging to his soul like cancerous tumours. Eating away at everything, growing daily. Is it wrong to want to be free from pain? His world is killing him slowly, now he's just taking control.

His mouth opens. 'Come on then,' he screams into the dark. 'You said you'd been waiting for this moment. Waiting to consume me. Well don't miss the finale.' He cries, sobs painfully. 'This is what you wanted. This is what

you wanted. This is what *I* wanted.' His voice breaks to a whisper. 'Is this what I wanted?'

His eyes close slowly. A single tear rolls down his cheek. *Is this what I wanted? I'm nothing… I'm nothing… I'm nothing but worthless dirt.*



if one pill makes
you larger
and one pill makes
you small
then this pile of
pills will be the
ones that end it
all



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